

TWO MEN AND ONE WOMAN.

"Dear me! I'm sick of this kind of life. I wish—"

And there Lettie Wayne stopped and leaned on the window sill, with her broom standing beside her in a dejected attitude, as if it had suddenly been plunged into disgrace by a realization of the menial character belonging to it.

She looked out across the meadows, to the hills beyond, and saw nothing in the pleasant landscape. She was thinking of what was out beyond the hills, and her eyes had caught a pleasant vision of the splendor in that far-away world.

"It's nothing but sweep and dust, and bake bread and wash dishes from one day's end to another," she murmured by and by, as she took up her broom again and fell to sweeping, putting in long, hard strokes by way of emphasis. "I'm sure there must be something more to be enjoyed in life than will ever come to the man or woman who stays here in this dull place. If there isn't, I don't see as there is much to live for."

"Good morning, Lettie," spoke a pleasant voice at the window.

Lettie started, looked half displeased, and answered with only a slight glance at the young man leaning across the window sill, without stopping in her sweeping.

"Good morning, John."

"I brought you some pinks, Lettie," and John reached out a handful of carnations. "I knew you liked them."

"I used to," responded Lettie, almost petulantly, "but I've got tired of them. One likes a change."

"I might have brought you some roses," with a shade of disappointment in his voice. "You told me once, I remember, that you liked pinks better than any other flower. I didn't know you'd change your mind. But I suppose persons change their minds about flowers as well as other things."

Lettie flushed up a little at that. She understood what he meant.

"I suppose a person has a perfect right to change his mind if he sees fit to," with a very emphatic flourish of her broom among some imaginary cobwebs near the ceiling.

"Of course," answered John; "that is, if they have good reason for changing it."

"I take it for granted that everybody is his own judge about that," responded Lettie. "I don't see as it's anybody else's business."

"You're right there, too," admitted John. "Now, I haven't asked you why you've changed your mind about a certain matter, Lettie, because you give me to understand that you consider I haven't any business to ask you anything about it. I'm not going to ask any questions, Lettie, but I would like to be on friendly terms. I don't see why you should treat me as if I were an enemy, when I haven't said that I blamed you in the least for changing your mind."

Lettie colored up, as if she felt guilty of meanness, and managed to say that perhaps she had been wrong, but she "had heard he felt hurt, and as she didn't just understand what reason he had to feel so, she—she" and the remainder of the sentence was rendered unintelligible by the vigorous whisking of the broom up and down the floor.

"I'm sorry you put so much confidence in what you hear," said John. "I never told any one so. If I had anything of the kind to say, I should have said it to you."

Before Lettie made reply the gate clicked, and John looked around to see a young man sauntering up the path.

"I see I'm likely to be in the way so I'll go. Good morning, Lettie," and John departed, with a nod at the newcomer as they met.

Lettie's face was rosy now, but not with displeasure. Evidently the new visitor was more welcome than the one who had just gone.

"Well," he accosted, leaning in across the sill where John Hartley had been a moment before, "haven't you been having a lover's quarrel, have you? I fancied young Hartley looked rather glum about something."

"Persons never have lovers' quarrels when they aren't lovers, do they?" laughed Lettie.

"They told me you and Hartley were lovers when I came here," answered Theo. Vaughn, picking up the pinks John had left and pulling them to pieces slowly as he watched Lettie.

"People say a great many absurd things," returned Lettie. "I like John well enough as a friend, but I never cared for him in any other way, and no one has any business to say I did. I wish folks could mind their own business," added Lettie, with a flash of temper. "Aunt Jane's been giving me a lecture, just because I went out rowing with you last night, and it makes me cross every time I think of it."

"I'm sorry if I have been the means of causing trouble in your family affairs," and Vaughn dropped pink-petals on Lettie's newly-swept floor.

"But I can't see why she should object to anything of that kind. As long as my intentions are honorable, and I don't forget that you are a lady and that I am a gentleman, who has any right to find fault?"

"She's always quoting Jack Hartley to me," said Lettie. "I believe I half hate him just on that account. He's her ideal, and she blames me for not thinking as she does. He's good enough, but if I don't see fit to accept her opinion as law and gospel, I'd like to see her make me." Lettie's eyes flashed defiance as she announced her declaration of independence.

"Some day you'll get rid of being dominated over," with a look and smile that set Lettie's foolish heart in a flutter. "Some day! If we could only force circumstances to come to our terms there wouldn't be any some days. It would be now."

Vaughn staid there for an hour with his pretty, tender speeches, which might have meant so much, but which simply meant nothing at all. But Lettie didn't know that.

A week later he went back to the city. Lettie could feel the kiss that he left on her cheek at parting for days after, as she thought of the thousand tender things he had said, and of the vague hints he had given of coming back if he could succeed in doing what he hoped to. He had not said, in so many words, what he was coming for, but Lettie thought she understood what it was well enough.

The days were lonesome ones after Vaughn went away. Aunt Jane felt completely out of patience with Lettie for being so foolish as to think he cared for her. Her old eyes were keener than Lettie's young ones. Because she stated her opinions frankly, Lettie kept aloof from her, and nursed her lonesome feelings and her hopes and was miserable and happy, after a fashion, all at the same time. If no one else believed Vaughn had been in earnest she did.

The fall went by and winter came; and with it a letter from Aunt Marcia, saying that she wished Sister Jane would let Lettie come and stay with her awhile and see the city.

Lettie was wild to go. Vaughn was there. Of course her Aunt Marcia's station was at the lower part of the social ladder, and Vaughn would never be likely to descend to it unless there was a great attraction for him there. But, if she went to the city she could see him, and when he found that she was there, then, then! And Lettie wove such delightful and foolish dreams of what might be when he discovered that she was near him that she was sure she should be broken-hearted if she did not go.

She went. Aunt Jane saw plainly enough why she wanted to go, and gave a grim consent after thinking it over. Perhaps it might be the means of curing Lettie of her foolish fancy.

For some days Lettie heard nothing of Vaughn. Then, in a crowd, some one spoke of him, and from the conversation she learned that he would be at a new opera that was to be given that night, in company with some friends from the south.

She coaxed Aunt Marcia into going to the opera. She wanted to see Vaughn; to let him know that she was there. If he found that out she felt sure he would come and see her at once.

The brilliant scene bewildered her. She had never seen anything so gorgeous before. It was like fairy land or heaven. The music wrapped her in ecstasy, and seemed crying over and over:

Poor, foolish, foolish Lettie! He is coming, he is coming!

She looked about her. Suddenly she started, and turned pale with emotion, for she had seen him. He was just coming in with a woman on his arm. A woman whose face was exquisite as a flower, and whose garments were rich and beautiful, making her conspicuous among the many radiant and splendidly dressed women there.

Two men in front of them began to talk of Vaughn.

"He's a lucky fellow," one of them said. "She's as rich as a Jew, they say."

"She's lovely, that's sure," responded the other. "I'd like to put that face in my next picture. It would do for Cleopatra's if it had a little more fire in it. When did you say they were to be married?"

"At Christmas," was the reply. The engagement is formally announced."

Lettie's face was as pale as death. But she gave no sign of the pain she felt.

Suddenly Vaughn looked that way and saw her. He started a little, then he put up his glass and surveyed her with an air of curiosity that stung Lettie to anger. She flashed a scornful look at the man who could trifle with a woman's heart as he had done with hers, and then looked at the stage and vouchsafed him no further attention. But she saw but little of what was going on there. She was thinking about the dream that was over, the love that was dead. Vaughn

had passed out of her life forever. But her heart was very sore.

The next day she said she was homesick, and in spite of Aunt Marcia's protests she went back to Marshville and her old life.

Aunt Jane saw that she had had some experiences that she did not care to talk about, and asked no questions. But she could imagine what they were.

Months went by. Again John Hartley leaned across the window sill and offered Lettie a handful of pinks. This time she took them.

"They are the sweetest flowers, after all," she said, hiding her face in them.

"Have you got back to your old opinion, Lettie?" he asked; "if you have changed your mind about pinks, perhaps you have about other things."

"Perhaps I have," she answered, with a rosy face, whose color was half of shame at remembrance of her year-old folly.

"About me, for instance," suggested John; "If I asked you to marry me, Lettie, what would your answer be?"

"I couldn't say till you asked me," answered Lettie.

"Well, then, will you marry me?" cried John, desperately.

"If you want me to, knowing how foolish I've been."

Then John came in and kissed her.

Aunt Jane, who was going by the kitchen door, declared to herself that Lettie had come to her senses after all.

Falconer's Love Letters to Miss Hale.

This case of Alexander K. Falconer, the member of Plymouth church, who was arrested for writing annoying letters to Miss Katie L. Hale, of No. 81 Columbia Heights, was called yesterday before Justice Walsh in the city hall police court in Brooklyn, and the examination was set down for next Tuesday. Falconer's bail was fixed at \$1,000, in default of which he was sent to the Raymond street jail. The following is a sample of the letters he wrote, three of which are embodied in the complaint against him. They were written while he was in Washington recently:

465 PENN-AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

My Darling Miss Hale: I hasten to tell you that I think my attention to you is the most ridiculous piece of foolishness that ever entered a person's head, a complete delusion which you have treated very properly indeed. So I will now stop all love letters, etc., as I see you have so many beaux that you cannot attend to me. I think you will be left all alone some day by those. I cannot afford to wait any longer for you; you are too smart; you will know me when you are older. I love you all the same, however, and always shall in spite of everything, and I will never cease to love you and will watch your movements in future if you want to be my wife. I shall be satisfied for you to marry some good young man. You are too naughty not to answer my letters. I suppose the more you whip me the more I will love you, and I think you are right. Besides this, your dear mamma, I suppose, has her hysterics over it. I will return to Brooklyn and take you out driving next month some day. Will you go? It would be too hard to have me come from Washington and then be disappointed. I watch and wait every day expecting a letter from my dear. I long for the day to come, when I shall brush the lovely locks from your brow and plant a kiss upon your forehead. I am almost wild, my love, for you are above everything in the world. What shall I do? I remain your loving and devoted admirer (wish you would say what you intend to do with me). I will do as you say; it is all there is in life worth living for. I am a perfect slave. A. K. FALCONER.

His counsel says the letters do not come within the statute under which the arrest was made.

Rescued From Death.

The following statement from William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for its attention of your readers. He says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the city hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time a report went round that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and today I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years.

"I write this hoping you will publish it so that every one afflicted with Disordered Lungs will be induced to take DR. W. H. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple and sure cure, which he will send, FREE, to all who will send him a card, addressed J. H. REEVES, 429 Chatham St., N. Y.

She Changed the Pack.

Some of the old saints who can't hug the young girls of Zion in balls, and who have abolished round dances in consequence, have now invented a new kind of pedro, which gives them more of a chance. They start card parties at the evening socials, and whenever anybody catches anybody else's pedro, the party winning has the right to kiss the other five times. The game is played with an equal division of the sexes, and it is rare fun for the old elders of Israel. The other evening old Bishop fixed up a pack of cards with nine pedros and started a game among some of the prettiest girls of the ward. It happened, however, that the girls anticipated his little game and had a pack all ready without any pedros in. They rung in the cold deck on the old fellow and started the game. The old fellow made some big bids, expecting to capture some pedros, and got set back every time. All this time the girls kept exclaiming, "Oh, ain't this a nice game; so exciting." After playing an hour the old fellow didn't see the color of a single pedro, and the glances and giggles of the girls caused him to suspect that the daughter of Zion were rather getting the best of him. He finally got so far off the board that he was, comparatively speaking, out of sight, and finally gave up the place to a young man who was seated near by watching the game. In a twinkling the girls transposed the packs again, and for the next two hours the snacks that man would be heard all over the room. The old Bishop, who began to drop on himself, was the maddest man in all the land, and is now putting up a job to find out the girls who changed those packs, and cut off them from the church.—Salt Lake Tribune.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS are a certain cure for all diseases requiring a complete tonic; especially Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 a bottle.

BALTIMORE, MD. Beware of cheap imitations. See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co. and have crossed red lines and trade mark on wrapper. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

MRS. NELLIE WALLACE, (Late Wallace & Fitch.)

Milliner and Dress Maker, PRIEST STREET, WARRENSBURG, MO.

Those who desire any of the latest styles in either of the above lines will do well to give Mrs. Wallace a call. 3-14w4m

Money Loned on Farms. Loans negotiated on good farms from \$1,000 to any amount desired, in proportions of one-fourth to one-third of the actual value of property.

JOHN R. BOAS, Financial Agent, 720 Pine street, St. Louis.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNEE'S APPLICATION FOR DISCHARGE. In Re W. R. Thomas & Co., Assignment for benefit of Creditors:

All whom it may concern are hereby notified that the undersigned assignee of the estate of W. R. Thomas & Co. will apply to the circuit court of Pettis county, Missouri, on the first day of the next term thereof, to begin and hold at the court house in the city of Sedalia, in said Pettis county, on the first Monday in May, 1882, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, for a discharge from the trust imposed by said assignment.

DR. CLARK JOHNSON'S Indian Blood Syrup.

CURES FEVER AND ACUTE CURS SCROFULA AND SLENN DISEASES.

CURES DYSPEPSIA, LIVER DISEASES, FEVER AND AGUE, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, HEART DISEASE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, ETC.

The Best REMEDY KNOWN to Man. 12,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD SINCE 1870.

This Syrup Possesses Varied Properties.

It stimulates the Pyloric in the saliva, which converts the starch and sugar of the food into glucose.

A deficiency in Pyloric causes wind and souring of the food in the stomach. If the medicine is taken immediately after eating the fermentation of food is prevented.

It acts upon the kidneys.

It regulates the bowels.

It purifies the blood.

It quickens the nervous system.

It promotes digestion.

It nourishes, strengthens and invigorates.

It carries off the old blood and makes new.

It opens the pores of the skin and induces healthy perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates scrofula, erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, care only being required in attention to directions.

WARSAW, BENTON, CO., MO.

I wish to inform you of the facts of one of the most remarkable cures of Dropsy known in this country. I was afflicted for a number of years, and tried different doctors and various remedies, but all to no purpose. One doctor said I could not live three weeks. I was advised to try some of Dr. Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, which I did, and in a short time I was able to go to town and call upon the doctor who said I could not live. It perfectly cured me.

JOHN MILLER.

VERONA, LAWRENCE, CO., MO.

I was troubled for a long time with Kidney Disease, and also with Chills and Fever. I tried various remedies unsuccessfully for months. I then commenced taking Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup, which has completely cured me. I am now as stout and healthy as I ever was.

WILLIAM WATSON.

REDFORD, MO.

I have used Dr. Clark Johnson's Indian Blood Syrup for Chronic Disease, and have received great relief therefrom.

H. CUMTOM.

Agents wanted for the sale of the Indian Blood Syrup in every town or village, in which I have no Agent. Particulars given on application.

DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

Laboratory, 77 West 3rd St., N. Y. City.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

Whereas, J. P. Langdon, by his certain deed of trust, dated the 13th day of February, 1872, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, in said deed book No. 7, page 195, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all his right, title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Lot 3, in block 3, in Cotton Bros. addition to the city of Sedalia; which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, in said deed described; and, whereas, the said note has become due and is unpaid; now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, and state aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on

MONDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF MAY, 1882,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of said day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

JNO. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Trustee.

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2-21-82 R. G. WILKINSON, Assignee.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

Whereas, W. H. Watts (now more than nine months deceased), by his certain deed of trust, dated the 21st day of September, 1878, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, in said deed book No. 14, page 145, conveyed to Henry Boyer, trustee, the following described piece of land, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, to-wit: Lot number four, block number four, in Edward Brown's subdivision, of lots 4, 5, and 6, of Mevey's addition to the city of Sedalia, which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, in said deed fully described, and whereas default has been made in the payment thereof, and the same remains due and unpaid, and whereas further the said trustee has refused to carry out and perform his said trust.

Now therefore the undersigned sheriff of Pettis county, Missouri, at the request of the legal holder and owner of said note, and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, will sell said lot and premises, at public sale, at the court house door, in the city of Sedalia, county aforesaid, on

MONDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF MAY, A. D., 1882,

between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. of that day to the highest bidder for cash.

M. S. CONNER, Sheriff of Pettis County.

Sedalia, March 7th, 1882. 3-14-82.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS From \$22 to \$900

Sold on Easy Payments, from \$2.50 to \$5 per Month.

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No one who has ever owned a Mason & Hamlin Organ will be satisfied with any other kind. Will the public not learn a valuable lesson from this fact.

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